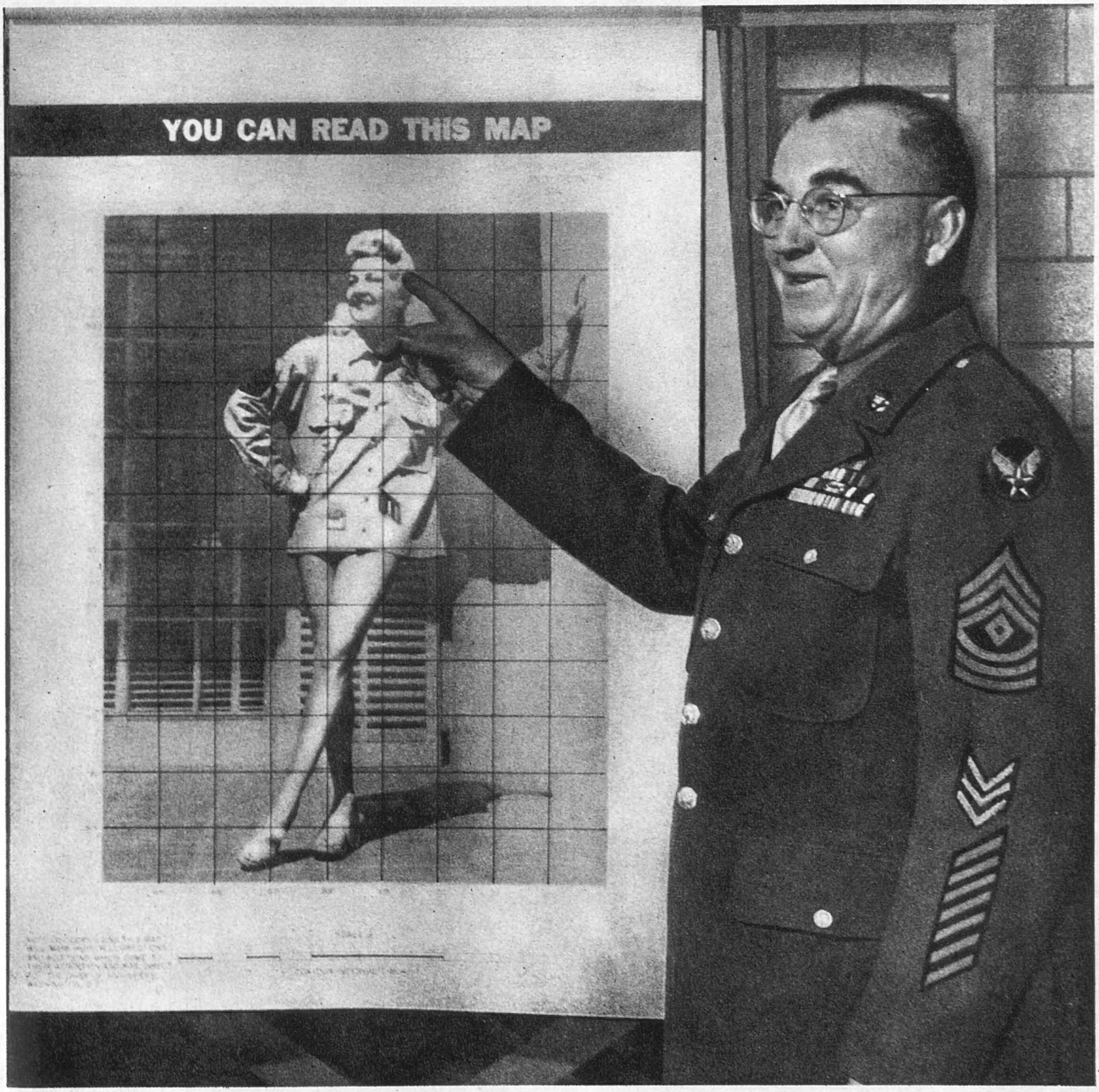
The Sketch

No. 2600—Vol. CC. WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1944 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



GRIDDED GRABLE!

Many of Betty Grable's admirers may have mentally charted her contours, but only the American Army Air Force has gone so far as to plot her latitude and longitude! At Lowry Field, Colo., map-reading instructors use a "Life" photograph of the actress and her famous legs to teach the primary lesson of how to locate a point with grid lines. Any map-reading student could thus find Miss Grable's left knee on the chart by being told that it was located at 68 degrees lat. and 83 degrees long. The map is entitled "Pin-up Girl and Vicinity U.S.A.," and has notations: "Contour interval 1 inch" and "Annual magnetic change 2' increase." It also bears the notice: "Officers using this map will mark hereon corrections and additions which come to their attention, and mail direct to the Chief of Engineers, Washington, D.S."

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

And All the Boards Did Shrink.

You live and learn, especially if you read the Parliamentary debates and the speeches of Ministers. For example, what a blinding revelation of truth to be told that "there is no real shortage of water in this country." Now, if the Minister of Health had said *soda* water——! But no, just ordinary wet water; actually, there is no shortage of it! And yet millions of us, wading through whole winters of water and summers of saturation, have been thinking of our native land as if it were a patch of the Sahara! It will be a tremendous shock to all foreign visitors to learn that there is an adequate rainfall here, and the inhabitants of Manchester will simply laugh the idea to scorn. They will be wrong, however; there *is* enough water in England to be going on with; the only problem, it seems, is distribution. It isn't scattered widely enough. Well, the experts ought to know, but I can only say that it has not been my experience. I shall continue to regard my umbrella as my best friend—at least, I would, if I could only get an umbrella.

Long-Term Investment.

Another remarkable revelation is that water can be a very valuable commercial commodity, if managed with financial acumen. Attention has recently been called to a very shrewd deal in water made by a Dutchman named Peter Morice in the year 1581. Taking what is called the long view, he contracted to supply London with water, by means of pumps and wheels, for 500 years, in return for an annual payment. The Metropolitan Water Board has rudely usurped the far-sighted Dutchman's functions, but the contract still stands, and Morice's heirs and executors still derive £3,750 a year from their ancestor's financial *flair*. This, I take it, is a unique case of casting your bread upon the waters. It has always seemed to me a very reckless way of treating bread, and now definitely illegal, but evidently it pays sometimes.

Oil Blessings Flow.

I wish the Government would think less about water, which is a sordid subject at the best of times, and turn its attention to a far more attractive liquid called oil. Everybody knows that oil is a primary munition of war, but they always think of it in terms of crude, odoriferous, viscous stuff spouting up from the earth. I wish they would think of it in terms of gentler, kindlier things, especially salads. The lettuces are coming on nicely, positively flaunting their vitamins at us, and commended—nay, commanded—by the entire medical profession. Now, there are doubtless some herbivorous mortals who can crop neat lettuce as a cow crops neat grass; but to any right-minded person, what is a lettuce-leaf unanointed with oil? It is little satisfaction to me to learn that currants are now flowing into the country; I can live without currants, but I do yearn for a little dressing on my salad, and, if necessary, I think it ought to be laid on by pipe-line from Sicily. I am a little afraid that it might lead to the appointment of an Olive Oil Controller (if there isn't one already), but I would risk that for the chance of a little oleaginous greenstuff.

"Charlie writes to say that Fred 's bin through an amphibious operation, but I suppose they give 'im some sort of an anæsthetic." (DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.)

First the Blade.

This is a far more important matter than the problem of razor-blades, which has also been agitating the House of Commons. In view of the scarcity, the obvious solution would be to go back to Victorian whiskers; they were much admired in their day, and there is no reason why they should not come back into favour as assets of masculine charm. But there is a catch in this. It seems—or so I am assured by my hirsute friends—that beards and borders do not really relieve you of all your toilet troubles. They need a lot of training and education, and are just as much bother as shaving—indeed, more, because they may make you the slave of a barber instead of the plaything of your own razor. The riddle of the razor-blade therefore remains, though the solution offered by one of our legislators is to strop the blade every day on a glass of hot water. I can do better than that. A long time ago I bought a most efficient little machine which will keep any blade keen and serviceable for at least a month. Candour compels me to reveal the fact that on that machine are stamped the sinister words: "Made in Germany." Don't tell Lord Vansittart!

Vintage Lucre.

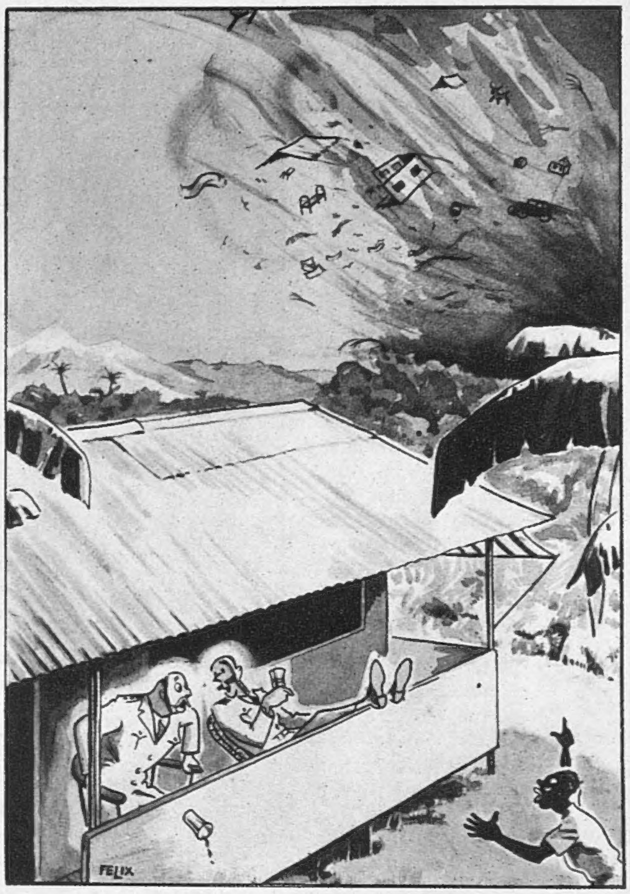
Change and decay (as my dentist often sings) in all around I see — in razor-blades, in my wardrobe and my footwear, in the minced mutton of yesterday, and even in pound notes. There was a time when we flattered ourselves that in this country we did not commonly keep our paper money until

" I only wish I *had* some No. 8 batteries; I 'd have no No. 8 batteries in no time ! "

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

it fell apart in our hands and had to be pieced together like a jig-saw puzzle with bits of adhesive paper. We even commented unfavourably on foreign currency as a hotbed of miscellaneous bacteria. But under the stress of war we have had to give up this superior attitude. Our pound notes have to live treble, and our ten-shilling notes double, their allotted span. The result is that one is apt to get some genuine antiques in one's pocket - book, and I doubt whether this is really in the national interest, because there is a certain tendency to get rid of them as quickly as possible—which only encourages the citizen to Salute the Squander Bug, instead of the Soldier. However, it doesn't become us to be querulous in such matters, and most people are prepared to forgive the quality if the quantity is satisfactory.

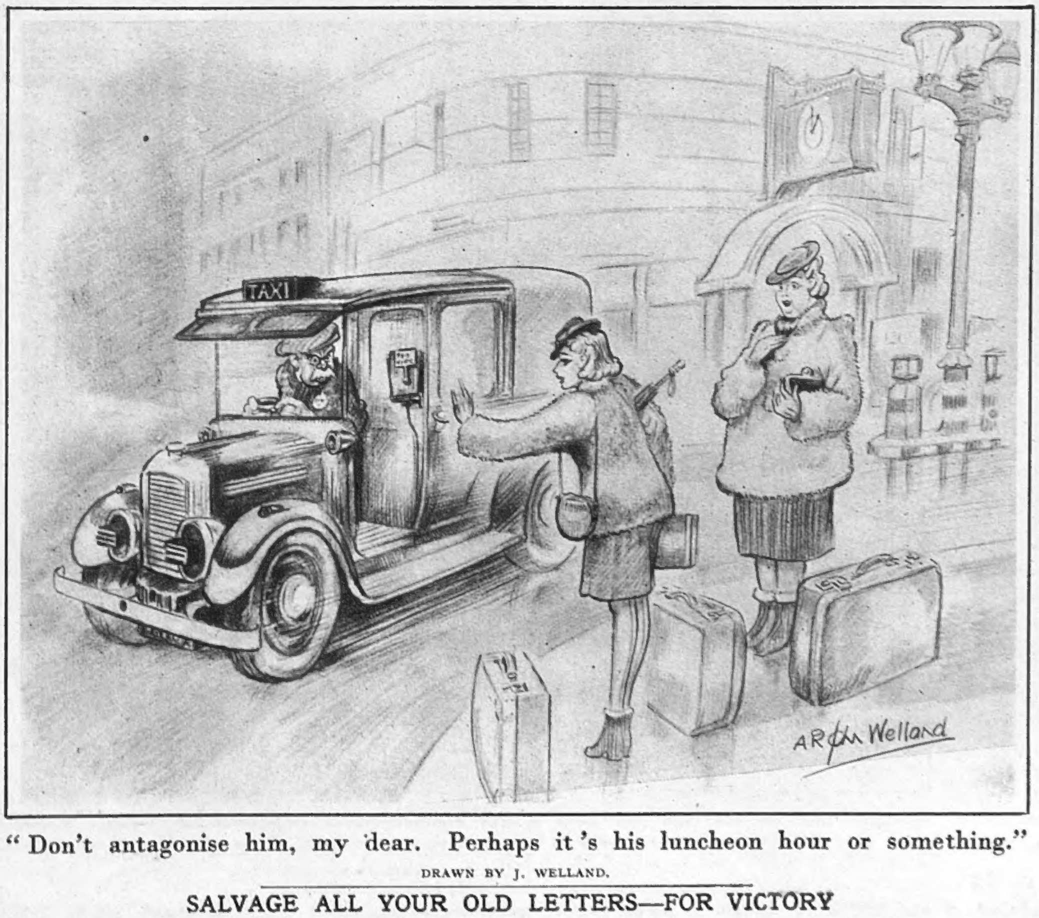
Mr. Can and Mrs. Can't. I am not sure whether the same principle would apply to canned goods, but there is no doubt about the quantity in this case. They have doubled in output during the war, and it looks as if the tin-opener was likely to be the Housewife's Friend after the war. Well, it is an implement to which I should be the last to show ingratitude, for it has served me well in many strange places and in many different circumstances. I hope, however, that it is not going to undermine all the useful knowledge which our future wives and mothers are learning on the Food Front—though it is certainly a nice question whether a good tin-opener is not better than a bad cook. However, I don't suppose it matters much, because, if we are to be a really healthy nation, all our food in future is to be in the form of life-giving pellets and tabloids manufactured in Government laboratories and issued by the Ministry in exchange for coupons.



"Calm yourself, my dear fellow! Typhoons are friendly!" (DRAWN BY FELIX.)

A Noble Animal. We shall still have to absorb milk, however, and not even the laboratories will be able to supersede the cow. I doubt whether enough credit is given to cows for the devoted, selfless work which they are doing for the war effort. The only place where the cow is properly appreciated is the pantomime, in which the Widow Twankey's cow usually has a place of honour in the cast. I have been reading about one cow who certainly deserves to be at least a Dame of the British Empire. She goes by the proud name of Manningford Faith-Jan Graceful, and she lives up to it. This prolific, Widow's-Cruse animal has produced no less than 3826 gallons of milk in a year, or nearly 10 gallons a day—enough to supply a dozen families with all the proteids and carbohydrates they could possibly assimilate. Her output represents 1500 lb. of butter, or enough to supply the weekly ration of 12,000 persons. That being so, I merely ask why I have to eat margarine? A few more cows like this, and we shall all be bursting our utility garments. I don't know why the horse should have established such a snobbish claim to being a "noble animal"; the title would be far better applied to the cow. The cow gives milk, whereas most horses I have known have been merely spilt milk over which it is no use crying.

A Steak in the Country. Milk, as is well known, is the national beverage of the United States. Most Americans drink enough milk to turn them into cheeses at about the age of forty; and the late Stephen Leacock has described the devastation caused by this social vice, and his horror at seeing tiny tots perched up on stools and taught drinking habits in Milk Bars and similar places of vicious indulgence. Milk is still, I believe, unrationed in the United States, and the hand of Control has recently raised its iron grip off meat. The cheers of jubilation, however, are stayed when one learns that coupons are still needed for beef steaks and joints of beef. That is hard enough, for the steak is highly prized in America, especially when "bloody" (as it is expressively called); but I dare say the nation can manage on a chump chop or two, which I should be happy to exchange for my nice, nourishing fillets of cod.



"Don't antagonise him, my dear. Perhaps it's his luncheon hour or something."
DRAWN BY J. WELLAND.

The Other War.

War restrictions are not without their advantages, and I am happy to see that one of them is the revival in Chicago of the gangs in all their former glory. The golden opportunities of Prohibition have been replaced by the black market. This is like old times, and it is nice to see that the honoured name of Capone (Matt, however, not Al, but all in the family) is again in the news. I always felt that a certain romance had gone out of existence when the gangs went into eclipse, and on the several occasions that I have been in

[Continued overleaf.

SALVAGE ALL YOUR OLD LETTERS—FOR VICTORY

Continued.]

Chicago it has disappointed me that none of the very hospitable citizens whom I met ever thrust a gat in my slats and invited me to reach for the ceiling. We lag far behind in this matter, but some of our brighter juveniles are doing their best to catch up. I see that one of them, aged sixteen, the leader of a smash-and-grab raid on a jeweller's shop the other day, was found to possess seven knuckle-dusters. He is, I should imagine, destined to go far in his chosen profession—anyhow, as far as Devonshire.

"ENSA sent this canary, Sir. She's entertaining our carrier-pigeons with a few songs." (DRAWN BY MICHAELSON.)

Man into Munition.

I suppose it would not be possible to turn these bold spirits into human torpedoes for duration? I fear not, because I rather imagine that you need character as well as courage to be a successful human torpedo. If one had not lost all faculty of surprise at improbable exploits in this war, one would regard the human torpedo as the high-water mark (and I mean no equivoque) of intrepidity. There are certain perturbing features about it, however. The machine becomes the man, and the man becomes the machine, until one fears the day when it will be impossible to distinguish between the two. We already have parachutists; shall we some day have human projectiles which turn into parachutists on arrival at the target? It is not such a new idea; men, and even girls, have repeatedly been shot from guns in circuses—though I admit that the number of persons who have in fact been shot from guns is only a microscopic fraction of those who ought to be shot from guns. Anyhow, I place the idea before the authorities, and they can't blame me if we lack a new secret weapon.

Other People's Luck.

There is no end to these modern miracles. Not long ago there was a fire in Bombay and two houses on the waterfront were gutted. Clearing up the débris, the firemen found 800 diamonds (one worth £1000) and a paper bundle containing currency notes, quite undamaged by the flames, to the value of £2500. Yes, these things do happen; but the infuriating thing about them is that they always happen on the other side of the world, and always to *somebody else*. Never, anyhow, to a humble member of the N.F.S.; and even if they did, he would only get five years for looting.

ALL IN.

DRAWN BY STARKE.

Headlines and Footlines.

The art of headlines always fascinates me, "Man of 83 Beat 1900 Women." A very vigorous old gentleman, you would say, though somewhat irascible. Disappointing to learn that he only beat them at making a shopping-bag in a handicrafts exhibition. Then: "A.T.S. Now Get Three Pairs." I beg your pardon? The reference is to *shoes*. As George Robey used to say: "What did you THINK I meant?"

In order that we may not lose sight of the vigilance and importance of Balloon Command, our artist went off to a BALLOON BARRAGE GROUP H.Q. *and made these sketches of the protectors of our coastline and inland areas.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

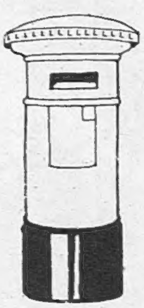
The eighty-ninth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"THE LINGO'S EASY! JUST GRAZIA OR NONCAPISCO!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Spring is nearly over and Nature's Pride is now a withered daffodil. I don't think the Spring has ever been more lovely, and never before has it been so impossible to enjoy it in the simple and uncomplicated way in which the good God intended us to. Lady B. says that when she looks at the double cherry-tree in our garden with the blue sky behind it she is filled with an overwhelming sadness. Everybody does everything, whether it is weeding, standing in fish-queues, or playing croquet, with a sort of fierce concentration, and tempers are even more frayed than before. Only Little No-well, cooing and chuckling in her pram, her sunburnt face one shade darker than her flaxen hair, and her eyes matching the forget-me-nots in the borders around her, is untouched by the strain and worry of the times.

Since I had my shoulder manipulated I have had to go about with my arm up in the air in a splint. The splint is grappled, as Shakespeare says, with hoops of steel to my bruised and aching body. It looks silly, as well as hurting, is awkward, ungainly, and difficult to negotiate in crowds.

"Henrietta, what *have* you done to yourself?" people said, surging across the Street towards me, their eyes wide with sympathy.

"I've had my shoulder manipulated."

"She is filled with an overwhelming sadness."

"Is that all?" they said, in flat, disappointed voices, as though the whole thing were just a foolish whim on my part.

"Here comes the One-man Band," said the Conductor. "You only need a drum on your back, Henrietta, and a Jew's Harp strapped to your chin, and a triangle hanging on your splint and you'd be O.K."

"Take more water with it, my dear," said the Admiral, with a knowing wink.

Outside the fish-shop, squeezing past the queue, I drove the point of my splint into Mrs. Savernack's ribs. She turned on me, scarlet with anger. "Is it really necessary that you should walk up and down the Street in that thing, Henrietta, making an exhibition of yourself?"

I put my basket on the ground and advanced towards her with one clenched fist in the air, trying to remember, Robert, what you and my brothers taught me in my childhood about hitting people on the point of the chin, but Lady B. stepped out of her place in the queue and led me gently away.

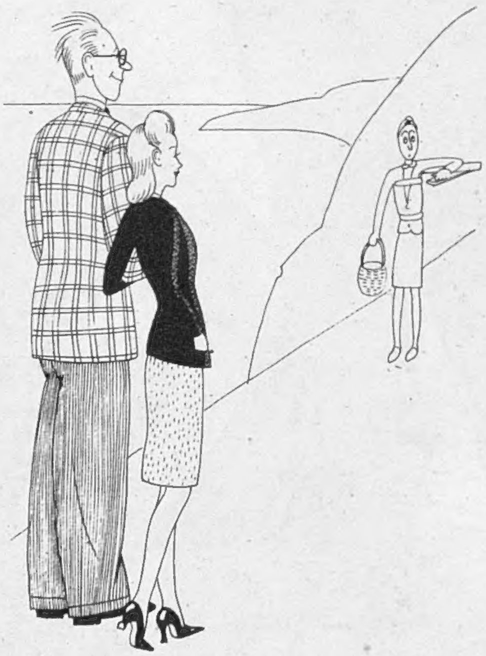
"This is an awful place to live in," I said in a trembling voice, after we had sat looking at the sea for some time. "*Awful!*"

"Not awful," said Lady B. "Difficult, perhaps, but not awful."

"Think of London," I said passionately. "You only know the people you want to know in London."

"Pooh!" said Lady B. "Any fool can live in London, but it's an art to live in a place like this, at peace with your neighbours."

This had never struck me before, and I turned it over in my mind.



"'Here comes the One-man Band.'"

"Living in a small town," went on Lady B., "is like living in a large family of rather uncongenial relations. Sometimes it's fun, and sometimes it's perfectly awful, but it's always good for you. People in large towns are like only-children."

"What a sage you are, darling Lady B.", I said.

"Look at the Big Town people who come to live in the country," said Lady B., who had evidently given this matter some thought. "Either they never have anything to do with anybody, which is cheating, because they get all this," and Lady B. waved her hand towards the sparkling sea, "for nothing, or else they throw themselves into the life of the place and get most frightfully angry and upset about things."

"I got frightfully angry and upset with Mrs. Savernack just now," I said sadly.

"We all have our failures," said Lady B. kindly, "but on the whole I don't think we do too badly. Even the Londoners settle down after a year or two and begin to take things more calmly."

"You mean their spirits get broken."

"If you like to put it that way. But I tell you what, Henrietta," said Lady B., thumping my knee to drive her meaning home, "after the war, everybody, even the people in towns, has got to mix up *more*, and *more*, and *more*."

"More?" I cried dismayed. "My idea was to go and live in a small flat in London and know five people."

"You always were a horrid little Isolationist," said Lady B.

"Yes," I said meekly.

"Of course, the air raids have mixed the town people up a bit," said Lady B. "I mean, you can't rush into your neighbour's house and put out an incendiary in the bedroom and be entirely indifferent to him afterwards."

"Perfect strangers, they say, make each other cups of tea."

"There you are!" said Lady B. "It's splendid. But how are you going to keep that spirit going after the War is over?"

"There will have to be sort of Social Centres in each district," I said.

"Half the people wouldn't go to them."

"There'd have to be a law compelling people to go there at least once a week."

"I hardly feel that would induce a spirit of bonhomie and good cheer," said Lady B. doubtfully, "and the people who didn't approve of them would say they were hot-beds of gossip."

"Which they would be, of course."

"It's all very difficult," said Lady B. with a sigh.

Just then Mrs. Savernack came round the corner. She was carrying a heavy basket, which she put on the ground with a sigh before sitting down beside Lady B. "I'm sorry I said that to you just now, Henrietta," she said. "Having had a Bad Arm myself, too."

"It's all right, Mrs. Savernack," I said, shuffling with my feet.

"I'm so bothered about the boys," said Mrs. Savernack, frowning at the sea. "It makes me irritable."

I was torn with remorse. "And I nearly hit you on the nose," I said unhappily.

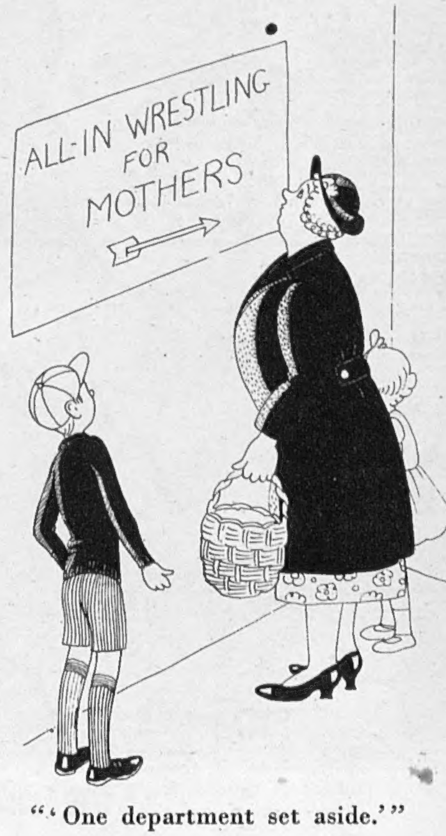
Mrs. Savernack stretched out her legs and looked intently at her large feet. "I often think," she said, "that it would be a good thing if we hit each other from time to time."

"Gracious!" said Lady B. "And here have I been advocating Social Centres to promote Good Feeling."

"You could have one department set aside for all-in wrestling for mothers," said Mrs. Savernack. And, what's more, she meant it.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.



"'One department set aside.'"

MRS. W. D. A. LENTAIGNE *in the garden of her country home in Surrey, with her son,* VICTOR, *and daughter,* JANE.

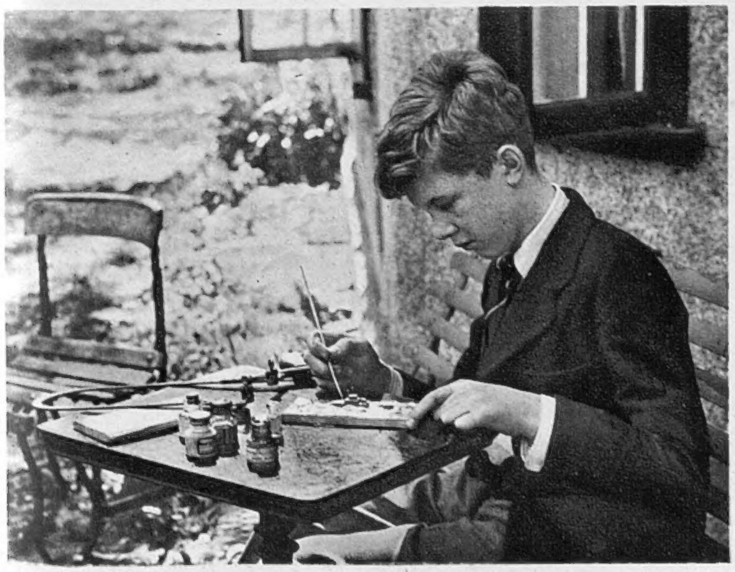
JANE *wants to be a dancer. Here she is* sur les pointes *with* MRS. LENTAIGNE *and* VICTOR *as audience.*

NEW COMMANDER OF THE CHINDITS: AND HIS FAMILY.

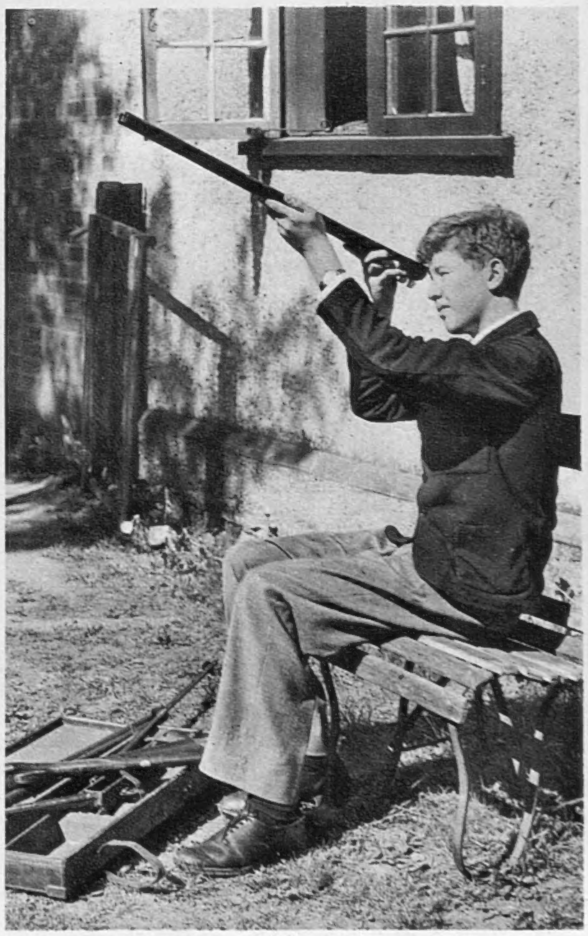
Listening to the news—an important moment in the day for MRS. LENTAIGNE *and her children.*

MAJOR-GENERAL W. D. A. LENTAIGNE, D.S.O., *Commander of the special force operating inside Burma, in place of the late Major-General Wingate.*

MAJOR-GENERAL W. D. A. LENTAIGNE was recently appointed to command the special force operating inside Burma (known as the Chindits) in place of the late Major-General Wingate. He trained a column for this year's air-borne invasion and led them into Burma. A son of the late Mr. Justice Lentaigne, he is forty-four years of age, and has spent practically the whole of his life since the age of eighteen soldiering in India. Until he was made a Brigadier last year, he had been continuously with the 4th Gurkha Rifles. He commanded a battalion of the regiment when the Japs invaded Burma in 1942, and achieved an almost legendary reputation for bravery. General Lentaigne's brother, Captain Lentaigne, R.N., won the D.S.O. when in command of the destroyer *Gurkha* at almost the same time as Major-General Lentaigne was awarded his.



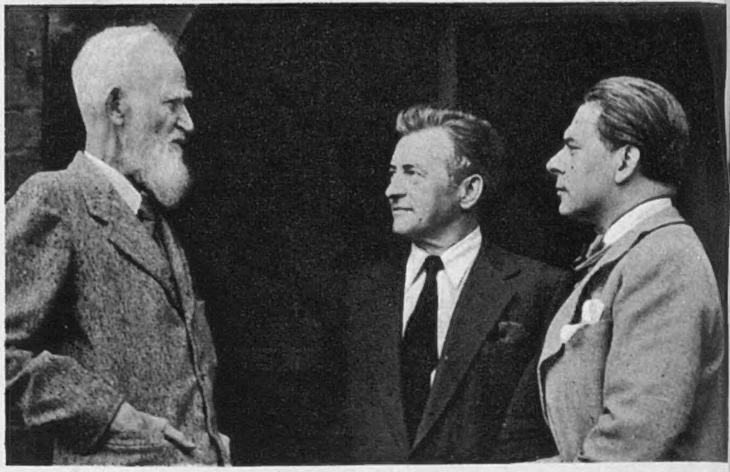
VICTOR LENTAIGNE'S *hobby is the making of small model boats. He is engrossed in building a miniature submarine.*



Fifteen-year-old VICTOR LENTAIGNE *is a naval cadet at Dartmouth. He's a keen sportsman, and is here cleaning his gun.*

A BUDGET OF PICTORIAL NEWS:

LORD PORTAL *peeps in at the window! The Minister of Works admiring the bedroom in his sample pre-fabricated steel £550 house erected next door to the Tate Gallery. After the war they will be produced at the rate of 350 per day.*



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW *is taking a personal interest in the film version of his "Cæsar and Cleopatra" in Technicolor, which* GABRIEL PASCAL *(right) is to make.* CLAUDE RAINS *(centre) is the Cæsar.*

Right: LADY ANNE HOWARD, *eldest daughter of the* DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *presented a bouquet to the Duchess of Kent at the charity film première of "Fanny by Gaslight," in aid of the Civil Defence Welfare Fund.*

MR. LESLIE HENSON *married* MRS. HARRIET MARTHA DAY *at Bromley Register Office. Mr. Henson has just returned from playing to the troops in the Mediterranean war zone, and is now on tour in "Africa Stars."*

CAPTAIN ROBERTO GILLMORE *is the new Chilean Naval Attaché in London. Here he is with his children,* ROBERT *(11),* ROSEMARIE *(5),* EILEEN *(13), and* RONALD *(15); and* SEÑORA GILLMORE.

MISS DIANA BARNATO, *younger daughter of Wing-Commander Woolf Barnato, married* WING-COMMANDER D. R. WALKER, D.F.C., *son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Walker, at St. Jude's Church, Englefield Green.*

WEDDINGS AND NOTABLE OCCASIONS.

MR. WILLIAM MABANE, *Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, and* MRS. MABANE, *formerly Miss Stella Duggan, attended the première of "Fanny by Gaslight" at the Gaumont, Haymarket.*

AIR MARSHAL SIR KEITH PARK, *A.O.C.-in-C. Middle East, recently visited a number of stations and units in the Western Desert. Here he is on the bridge of a high-speed launch with* SERGT. IAN McLEOD, *of Plymouth.*

MISS JEAN GILLIE, *young English actress, married* LIEUT. JACK BERNHARD, *fighter-pilot in the American Air Force, son of Mr. Joseph Bernhard, Vice-President of Warner Bros., the Hollywood Film Producers, at Caxton Hall. The bride is now appearing in "Something in the Air."*

Left: CHARLES RAFE CAVENAGH-MAINWARING *is the infant son of Commander M. K. Cavenagh-Mainwaring, R.N., who commanded the famous submarine Tuna during her first patrol in 1940.* MRS. CAVENAGH-MAINWARING *posed with baby after the christening.*

CAPT. LORD HARTINGTON, *elder son of the Duke of Devonshire, married* MISS KATHLEEN KENNEDY, *daughter of Mr. Joseph Kennedy (former U.S. Ambassador in London), at Chelsea Register Office.* LT. J. KENNEDY, *U.S. Navy, is right.*

When MR. J. C. MAUDE *took up his post as Recorder of Devizes at the Quarter Sessions, his father,* MR. CYRIL MAUDE, *and* MRS. MAUDE *were there to hear him try the cases.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

TO all intents and purposes the film "HIGHER AND HIGHER" (London Pavilion) is over. Wedding-bells are in the air. The lovers have clinched and faded. You are reaching for your hat or bag, when you become aware of a dark speck on the screen drawing nearer and nearer. It grows from a pin-point into a full-size figure, filling the screen. A gaunt-faced, burning-eyed young man is standing on a bank of cloud, his arms flung wide, crooning to you, embracing you, sending you home with a benediction.

The young man is Frank Sinatra, the crooner who is known as "The Voice" to hysterical fans all over America, and this is the climax of his first starring picture. Up to this moment, his début has been quite tactfully, and even modestly, managed. "Higher and Higher" is a slight, and not altogether unfunny, little musical about a bankrupt manufacturer (León Errol), whose valet (Jack Haley) hits on the idea of dressing-up the kitchen-maid (Michèle Morgan) as a glamorous débutante, and marrying her off to some millionaire sucker. Frank Sinatra doesn't really enact any character in the story. He just drifts in and out of the plot as a shy young neighbour called Frank Sinatra, who has seen the simple kitchenmaid from his window, and drops across the street to bring her a platonic posy. Later he sings at a butlers' ball, and later still at the kitchenmaid's party, and towards the end, in what seems like a moment of aberration, he does get himself engaged to be married to somebody. But all this is done with a curious kind of detachment, as though you weren't really asked to believe in it, just to take it that Mr. Sinatra is in favour of romance and marriage in a general sort of way.

When Frank Sinatra sings in America, young women are reputed to swoon, or fall into light screams and yelps of ecstasy. His impact on the womanhood of this country is still to be noted. I did not observe anyone swoon at the performance at the London Pavilion which I attended, but I did overhear one compassionate matron whisper to her companion that the poor fellow looked undernourished. A bald-headed male critic on my right appeared to fall asleep at one stage in the film, but he may have been pretending, out of jealousy.

Hazarding a guess, without any evidence, I should say that Mr. Sinatra may very well provoke quite a mild flutter on this side of the Atlantic. He has a warm, smooth voice that is carefully controlled, and an insidious way of sliding into a tone. While not a Tauber, nor yet a Bing Crosby, this frail-looking, hollow-eyed young man is undoubtedly an adept at purveying a popular ballad. He sings sad, sweet songs about tunes and lagoons, and lovers' kisses in a garden. He sings them very quietly, which is the only tolerable way to sing them, and has a curious trick of suggesting that he has just discovered, for the first time, the magic of such things, and is still a little misty-eyed with wonder. For the rest, he seems a modest enough young man, with a screen personality not unagreeable; no Adonis, but perhaps Pan, or possibly Peter Pan, in some Never-Never Land, crooning to the moon.

"FANNY BY GASLIGHT" (Gaumont and Marble Arch), as the title implies, is another of those period melodramas so fashionable at the moment. It has been adapted from Michael Sadleir's novel, and the literary convention still clings markedly to it. It is a story told in pictures, rather than a picture telling a story. It has a lot of characters, and something awful happens to nearly all of them. Fanny herself (Phyllis Calvert) is illegitimate, but doesn't know it. The first evening she comes back from boarding-school, at the age of nineteen, her supposed father, William Hopwood (John Laurie), is pushed under a hansom-cab by the wicked Lord Manderstoke (James Mason). At the inquest it emerges that Hopwood was the proprietor of a brothel, appropriately named The Shades, patronised by the aristocracy, and approached by a discreet entrance from his area basement. Prompt on this revelation, Fanny's mother (Norah Swinburne) dies of an incurable disease. Fanny herself, directed by her expiring mother to a house in Belgrave Square, finds that she is the natural daughter of a Cabinet Minister (Stuart Lindsell). This gentleman, lovable, but a very weak type, is currently suffering divorce trouble from his wife (Margaretta Scott), who is carrying on with the aforesaid Lord Manderstoke. Threatened by an exposure of his past life, which will ruin his career, and, it is intimated, pull down the Government by the way, he patriotically throws himself under a railway train.

Fanny, now an orphan, seeks shelter at the Jolly Bargee, Islington, owned by an ex-family retainer, Chunks (Wilfrid Lawson). Chunks is a good sort, but somewhat addicted to rude postcards, and scarcely a fit guardian for a pure young girl. So we are all relieved when the Cabinet Minister's secretary, Harry Somerford (Stewart Granger), an upright young man of good family, seeks her out and proposes marriage. But our satisfaction is short-lived. Harry's family is too good. His sister (Cathleen Nesbitt) prevails on Fanny to refuse his hand. His mother (Helen Haye) practically casts him out into the snow. The lovers, indulging in what the synopsis primly calls "a trial marriage," fly to Paris. It is a rash move. In Paris they meet chorus-girl Lucy (Jean Kent), a childhood friend of Fanny's and now comfortably set up with the aforementioned Lord Manderstoke. Harry and Lord Manderstoke insult one another in a deadly, refined way, in Lucy's dressing-room. At dawn they fight a duel. Manderstoke dies. Harry gets a bullet in his lung. Fanny, in hospital, promises to be his wife. The novel, I am told, turns thumbs down on their chances. The film leaves the verdict open.

This is the story director Anthony Asquith had to handle, and, as you can see, it is a busy one. He has taken a tactfully oblique way with it. He has stylised it. This, he seems to say, is something outside modern ken: it is a Victorian conception of ethics; let us remove it a couple of stages from current behaviour. The result is a picture that never quite comes to life, but is a museum exhibit of some value, a nice, stuffy piece of literary Victorianism.

I have no complaints to make about the acting. James Mason might, perhaps, have been allowed to overshadow the plot more as the wicked Lord Manderstoke, but the little he does is powerful, and has the real chill of monstrosity. Stewart Granger, a newcomer, whom we saw in "The Man in Grey" and "The Lamp Still Burns," seems to be getting hold of the film medium fast. He is as easy as any man can be in a stiff collar, and when he has learnt to slow down his pace

THE BEST PLAYS.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

*** "BLITHE SPIRIT" (*Duchess*). Noel Coward's play. Betty Ann Davies, Cecil Parker, Irene Browne, Beryl Measor.

*** "PINK STRING AND SEALING WAX" (*Duke of York's*). 1880 Brighton comedy. Iris Hoey, Dorothy Hyson, David Horne.

*** "UNCLE HARRY" (*Garrick*). Victorian gas-light murder thriller, with Michael Redgrave and Beatrix Lehmann.

** "THE DANCING YEARS" (*Adelphi*). Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

** "SOMETHING IN THE AIR" (*Palace*). Musical, with Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge.

** "ARC DE TRIOMPHE" (*Phœnix*). Ivor Novello's Paris cavalcade—1906-1925—with Mary Ellis, Raymond Lovell, Peter Graves, Elisabeth Welch.

** "PANAMA HATTIE" (*Piccadilly*). Musical comedy, with Bébé Daniels, Richard Hearne, Max Wall, Ivan Brandt, Claude Hulbert.

** "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (*Strand*). Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

** "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (*Globe*). Rattigan's inter-allied complications without tears. Jane Baxter, Ronald Squire, Hugh McDermott.

** "SWEETER AND LOWER" (*Ambassadors*). Second edition of "Sweet and Low" revue: Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall.

** "JUNIOR MISS" (*Saville*). Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

** "THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT" (*Aldwych*). Wonderful acting by the Lunts in Robert Sherwood play.

** "THE LISBON STORY" (*Hippodrome*). Play with music.

* "A SOLDIER FOR CHRISTMAS" (*Vaudeville*). Light comedy: Joyce Barbour, Robert Beatty.

* "THE LILAC DOMINO" (*His Majesty's*). Revived, with Pat Taylor, Leo Franklyn, Bernard Clifton, Elizabeth French.

* "JILL DARLING" (*Winter Garden*). Musical comedy revived: Arthur Riscoe, Carole Lynne.

* "THE DRUID'S REST" (*St. Martin's Theatre*). Emlyn Williams's light comedy, with Gladys Henson, Michael Shepley.

* "AN IDEAL HUSBAND" (*Westminster*). Donat's ideal Wilde revival. Irene Vanbrugh, Martita Hunt, Esme Percy, Roland Culver.

* "MEET ME VICTORIA" (*Victoria Palace*). Cockney humour with Lupino Lane.

* "THIS WAS A WOMAN" (*Comedy*). Sonia Dresdel, John Bryning, Nova Pilbeam in effective melodrama.

* SADLER'S WELLS OPERA SEASON (*New*).

* "LOVE FOR LOVE" (*Haymarket*). Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Leslie Banks, Leon Quartermaine.

* "TEN LITTLE NIGGERS" (*St. James's*). Agatha Christie's thriller. Linden Travers, Allan Jeayes, Terence de Marney.

* "THE LOVE RACKET" (*Prince's*). High-speed musical with Arthur Askey and Carol Raye.

* "QUIET WEEK END" (*Wyndham's*). Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

* "THE REST IS SILENCE" (*Prince of Wales*). Madeleine Smith murder reconstructed; with Ann Todd.

* "CRISIS IN HEAVEN" (*Lyric*). Eric Linklater's political fantasy. Ernest Thesiger, Dorothy Dickson, Adèle Dixon, Esmond Knight.

* "HOW ARE THEY AT HOME?" (*Apollo*). J. B. Priestley's topical comedy. Henry Hewitt, Jennifer Gray, Charles Groves.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

The première of "Lady in the Dark," Paramount's Technicolor musical with GINGER ROGERS *for star, will be held on Wednesday, May 31, at the Plaza Theatre at 6.30, in aid of the Queen Victoria Hospital Welfare Fund, which is doing magnificent work for injured airmen.*

to the cameras a little, should turn out to be one of the best romantic leads we have in this country in this line of business. Phyllis Calvert, the Fanny, is an actress for whom I have a warm affection. Her style still lacks range, but she has sweetness, she has refinement, she has sense: three great qualities. In theory, I couldn't care less what happens to Fanny; in practice, Miss Calvert's sympathetic performance swings the trick.

With Jean Gabin as star, Julien Duvivier as producer, director and writer, and the locale France and French North Africa, "THE IMPOSTER" (Leicester Square) might be expected to have a touch of—shall we say? —Gallic conviction. So I thought, in my innocent way, as I settled down to watch the opening of the picture. It opens well. Grimly, but well. The scene is the prison yard at Tours. It is the hour before dawn, and they are erecting a guillotine. Sometimes the men stop in their work and look up towards the sky. Above the sound of hammering comes the distant thud of bombing. Nobody speaks. That 's good. That 's atmosphere. Then an old duck of a priest marches along towards the condemned cell with a warder, or possibly the prison governor. They *do* speak. One observes to the other, "What 's the noos?" And the other replies: "The Germans have entered Parrus." After that, "The Imposter" is just about as French as the pen of my gardener's aunt. Jean Gabin, as the murderer who is about to be executed in the opening scene, is an under-privileged orphan who has never known what it is to find life sweet. Dragged up in a State orphanage, a reformatory, and a prison or two, he has never even learnt to love the soil of La Belle France. Or *thinks* he hasn't. Aha! You just wait and see!

Escaping from the guillotine under cover of the German air raid, he steals the papers, the uniform and the identity of a dead sergeant called Lafarge; and joins the great refugee trek south. At St. Jean de Luz he boards a freighter bound for Dakar with five other soldiers: a lieutenant (Richard Whorf), a farmer from Normandy (John Qualen), a Paris actor (Allyn Joslyn), a banker (Eddie Quillan), and a large young man who simply wants to kill Germans (Peter Van Eyck).

Lafarge's idea is to escape as soon as he reaches Africa, but what with his comrades' confidence, General de Gaulle's broadcast, the promise of good pay, and one thing and another, he is prevailed upon to join the Fighting French Forces. The six men are sent, curiously all on their own, to clear and build an airfield in the jungle. All work well and manfully, but Lafarge just naturally works best and most manfully. His comrades love him so much that they give him a little Christmas-tree, and fill his boots with presents. He rises, *malgré lui*, to the rank of adjutant, 2nd lootenant, lootenant. The pay-off comes when he is awarded the Croix de Guerre, with palm, after a spell of fighting in the desert.

This melts Lafarge's tough heart, for he realises the decoration is really meant for the original Lafarge, a hero and a patriot. So he confesses, to the accompaniment of a celestial choir, is degraded to the rank of private (2nd class) and publicly stripped of his honours. But by this time the orphaned murderer has learnt that life is sweet, that *La France* is *belle*, and that patriotism is all. So he goes off, with his five faithful comrades, to die a hero's death in Libya. That 's "The Imposter": noble, attitudinarian, and a sad, sad exploit for the director and actor who once made "Pépé le Moko." Jean Gabin, whose rugged face and terse, clipped speech can make so much out of so little; solid, changeless Jean Gabin, he has his moments. But of Duvivier's original flame of genius there is barely the feeblest flicker.

"Ministry of Fear" (Plaza, May 19) stars RAY MILLAND *in a psychological part—that of Stephen Neale released after detention in an asylum for a "mercy" killing, and hounded by an intangible fear.* MARJORIE REYNOLDS *plays Carla Hilfe, Austrian refugee whom, after a series of suspicious happenings involving psychiatrists, fortune-tellers and Scotland Yard, he marries.*

"ANDY HARDY'S BLONDE TROUBLE" (Empire) is twins, identical twins; played by two young ladies called Lee and Lyn Wilde, blondes, and to these eyes, at least, indistinguishable. Lee Wilde plays a twin called Lee Walker, and Lyn Wilde plays her sister Lyn. Had Lee played Lyn, and Lyn Lee, it might have been a funnier joke than any you observed in the picture.

Andy Hardy (Mickey Rooney: how *did* you guess?) encounters the twins while on his way to Wainwright College. Alarmed by the horrific accounts of the things senior class-men do to freshmen with money, he entrusts his entire bank-roll to one twin, only to be repudiated by the other. In the end, the good Judge Hardy (Lewis Stone) has to tool all the way down from his home-town of Carvel, where he has been undergoing a tonsilectomy, to straighten affairs out for his impetuous son at his old Alma Mater. The film ends with the confident suggestion that Andy, tutored by the entire faculty of Wainwright (Herbert Marshall) and going steady with an intellectual freshwoman (Bonita Granville), should carve out a fine career for himself at college. Life must go on, of course, and the young will, or at any rate should, grow up, but as an old fan of the Hardy series, I am not altogether happy about its recent, extra-domestic developments. Things were better in the old days, when the stories centred around Carvel and the family supper-table.

"The Purple Heart" (Tivoli, May 14). Eight American flyers who bombed Tokyo are charged by the Japanese, on the false evidence of a Chinese quisling, with murder by "deliberately bombing hospitals, schools and non-military objectives." Sentence of death is passed on these gallant men, winners of the highest U.S. decoration, The Purple Heart. Here Lieut. Vincent (DONALD BARRY) *is about to strike one of the guard who has dragged Lieut. Canelli* (RICHARD CONTE) *into court after torture.*

"A Canterbury Tale" (Odeon, May 11) is a modern Chaucerian romance. ERIC PORTMAN *plays Thomas Colpeper, J.P., who longs to communicate his sense of the Kentish countryside and Kentish history to an audience, and subsequently becomes a mystic who feels impelled to pour gum on the heads of girls walking with soldiers. Here he is lecturing to some of the soldiery whom the war has brought to the county—Peter Gibbs* (DENNIS PRICE)*; Bob Johnson* (SERGT. J. SWEET, U.S. *Army*)*; Alison* (SHEILA SIM).

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A.—*for her really model lunch-party.*

SERGT. PAT KENNEALLY *(seen with his wife)—for winning the V.C. at Bou Arada with a couple of one-man charges.*

DAME LAURA KNIGHT, D.B.E., R.A., who has been busy painting R.A.F. subjects, came to London for the opening of the Royal Academy, and gave a luncheon-party for the members of the bomber crew whom she took as models for her Academy painting "The Take Off." Besides her "models," the group includes a W.A.A.F. officer, Count Grixoni, the painter, and Mrs. Dod Procter, A.R.A.

LUPINO LANE—*for having to watch his step all through one performance of "Meet Me Victoria."*

STAR of "Meet Me Victoria," (Victoria Palace), LUPINO LANE was given a pedometer by the Chelsea Rotarians, to find out how much ground he covers during a single performance. A prize was offered for the nearest estimate, for the contest is part of the Rotarians' share in the Merchant Navy Week campaign.

AT the exhibition of Paper Sculpture by TADEUS LIPSKI at 61, St. James's Street, appears a figure of Britannia, having in essence the normal appearance of our Britannia of the pennies, but with variations which make her definitely modern.

TADEUS LIPSKI—*for bringing Britannia up to date in a very Surrealist manner.*

SERGT. PAT KENNEALLY, V.C., Irish Guards—then lance-corporal—won his decoration by a magnificent feat in North Tunisia. The Guards Brigade having captured part of the Bou feature of the ground between Medjez-el Bab and Tebourba, had to secure the rest of the ridge. A company of the enemy formed up to attack, when Kenneally charged straight at them down the bare slope, firing his Bren gun from his hip. His gallantry and dash unbalanced the Germans who broke up in disorder. Later he repeated the exploit, inflicting so many casualties that the attack failed.

MAJOR SIR JOCELYN LUCAS, M.P.—*for doing his best to prolong the life of your razor-blade by Parliamentary diagnosis and preventive treatment.*

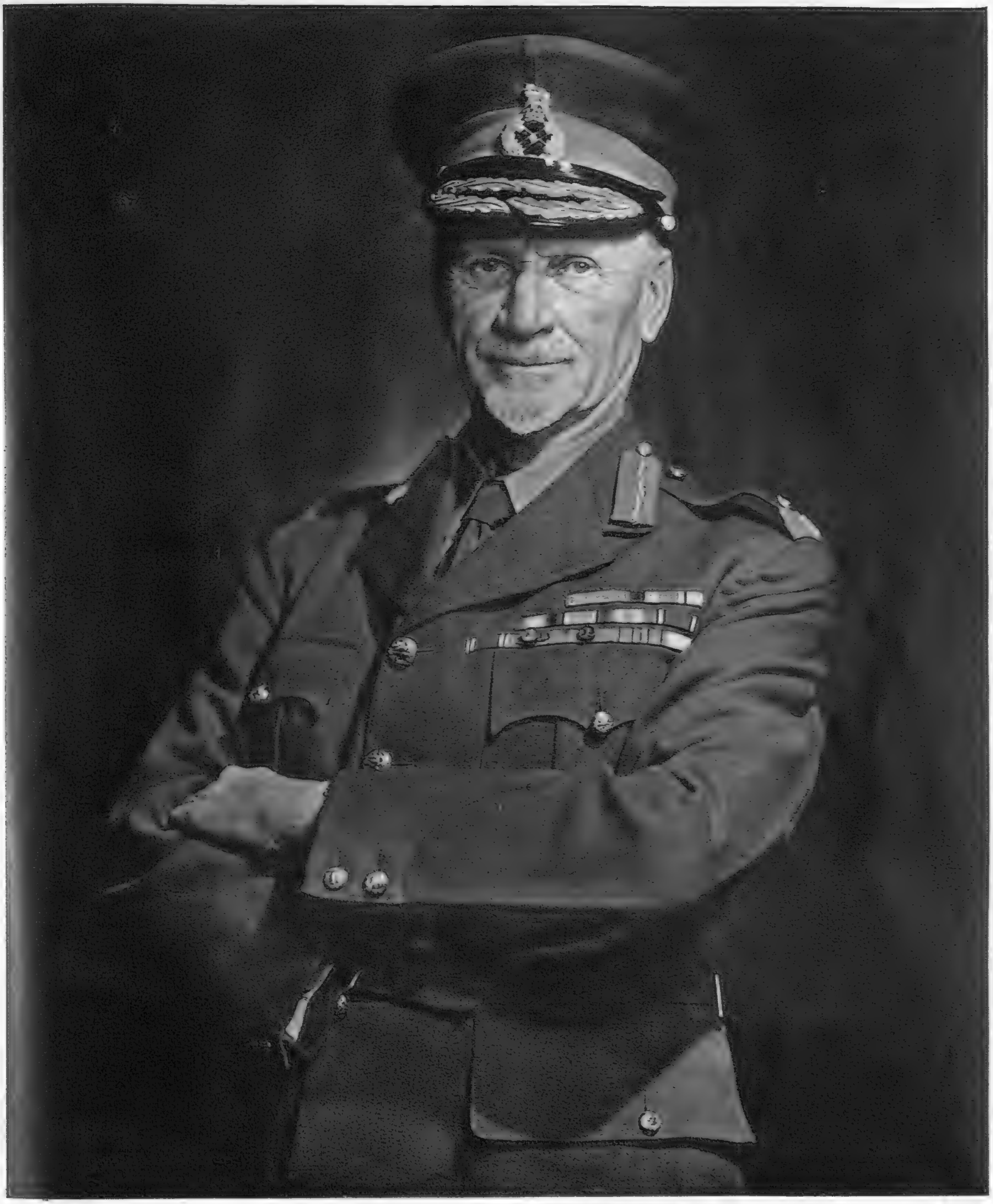
RECENTLY, in the House of Commons, MAJOR SIR JOCELYN LUCAS, M.P. for Portsmouth, asked whether, in view of numerous razor complaints, the fact could be publicised that daily honing of the blades in a tumbler of hot water would make them last ten times as long. He quoted an admiral who had used one blade for eleven months, and a technician who had used two blades in three years.

FLORENCE DESMOND—*for her fruity auction to buy a piano for the R.A.F. in the Azores.*

MISS FLORENCE DESMOND, impersonator, came home from the Azores with a load of pineapples, which she auctioned in London to pay for a piano for the R.A.F. men stationed out there. These rare fruits realised £10 apiece.

MINDFUL of the Clothing Coupon Question, women's organisations in America have sent over here fifty wedding-dresses to be distributed equally among our Women's Services. A mannequin parade of these charming dresses was held.

THESE MANNEQUIN MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S SERVICES —*for holding a pre-view of things to come!*



THE G.O.M. OF SOUTH AFRICA—
GENERAL SMUTS.

With the other leaders of the Commonwealth, FIELD-MARSHAL THE RT. HON. JAN CHRISTIAAN SMUTS, P.C., *is over here again for conference with Mr. Churchill. Our staunch friend, born in 1870, celebrates his birthday next week—May 24. He was educated at Victoria College, Stellenbosch, and Christ's College, Cambridge, and took a Double First in Law. General Smuts has been Prime Minister and Minister of External Affairs and Defence, South Africa, since 1939.*

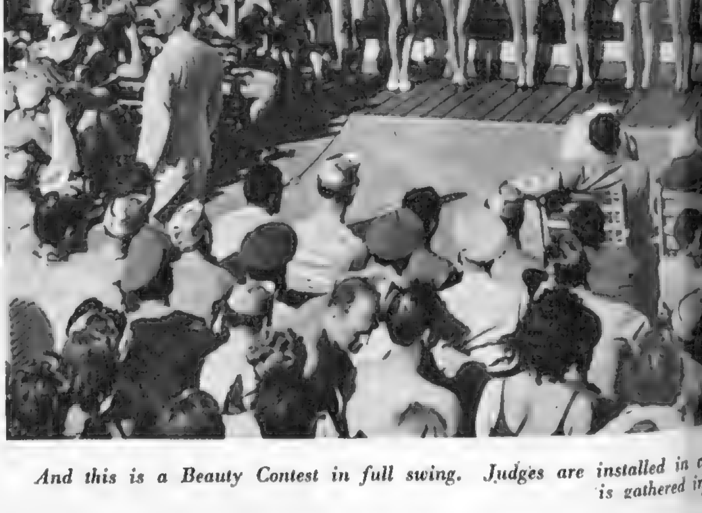
PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA.

THE WAR FORGETTING, BY THE WAR FORGOT—FOR A BRIEF VACATION!

A large field assembled for a "Most Beautiful Legs" contest at Roney Plaza. A good time was had by all—spectators paid an admission price of $1.10, and the winners were awarded war bonds.

Young Service wives found it impossible to find accommodation at Miami until the Government arranged quarters at Flamingo Hotel.

Here's something to rouse the envy of those who pine for a visit to our banned South Coast resorts! It's the private sun-deck and swimming-pool at Roney Plaza.



And this is a Beauty Contest in full swing. Judges are installed in c... is gathered i...

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

AMERICAN WAR-WORKERS AND SERVICE MEN RELAX AT MIAMI.

Here's a picture of the dog-racing track of West Flagler Kennel Club, where betting runs to about $100,000 a night.

In 1942 Miami was practically closed to holiday-makers, as every hotel was requisitioned. Now two-thirds are back in civilian use, so the famous playground is booming, and beetle-shiny cars crowd the Roney Plaza Hotel park.

...ts right in front, while a packed audience, including Service men and civilians, ...rried ranks behind.

And this is how women war-workers and Service wives in Miami are accommodated — in airy dormitories furnished with two-tier bunks.

Swimming is part of the "planned recreation" for Wrens stationed at H.M.C.S. "Conestoga" training establishment of the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service, at Galt, Ontario, so they enjoy many a delightful visit to the Preston outdoor pool. Our group includes girls from Magnetawan, Campbelltown, N.B., Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Saskatoon and Victoria, B.C.

Wrens may not spend as much time on marching as the other women's Services, but they learn to swing along in smart naval style. This picture shows some who have been drilled by Chief Petty Officer Phyllis Sanderson, of Vancouver, at H.M.C.S. "Conestoga" training establishment. Maybe her broad Scots voice was giving the injunction to "Peek up tha step" as this fine picture was taken.

ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS.

LAND AND WATER TRAINING FOR CANADIAN WRENS.

ONE NIGHT AT THE WHITEHALL—THE WRENS' "LADIES OUT OF UNIFORM."

"*London Pride*"—*a Piccadilly night scene with the well-known song. The performers, l. to r., are:* 3RD OFFICER FREWIN, *singing;* MR. CALVERT, *the policeman;* LIEUT. HART, *R.N.V.R., the coster;* LIEUT. DAWES *and* 3RD OFFICER FIELD, *the Mayfair couple; the flower-girls are members of the chorus.*

The cast of "Music Hall" includes LIEUT. SOMERS, CHIEF OFFICER FRY *(daughter of the famous cricketer),* 1ST OFFICER CRICK, LIEUT. REECE, *and* WREN KING.

"*Wake Up and Live*" *is the opening chorus, with Wrens out of uniform doing a tap-dance.*

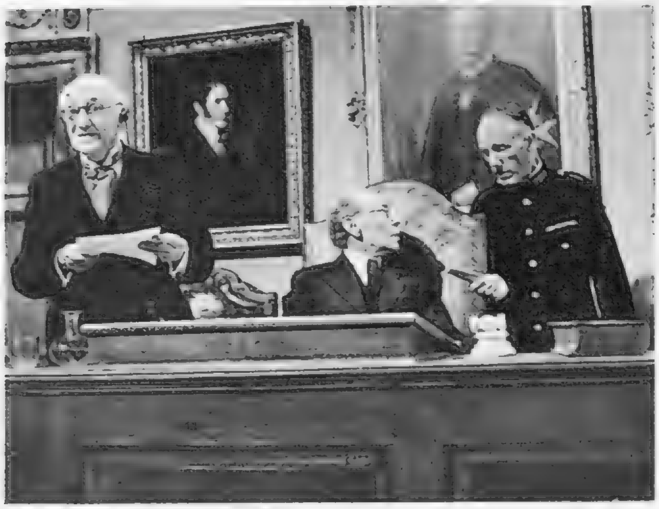
This skit on the Service was called "Ladies in Uniform."

"*Les Patineurs*" *ballet, with* WREN JERVOISE *as ballerina, supported by* 3RD OFFICER HARGREAVES *and* WRENS McIRVINE, TURNER, NORRIS, SATCHELL, HENDERSON, WARBURTON, *and* NURSE SOILLEUX.

They danced the hula-hula in grass skirts for "Last Night in Hawaii." WREN JERVOISE, 3RD OFFICERS HARGREAVES *and* IVORY; C./W. NAPPER, P/O. STUBBINGS *and* WRENS PARNELL, TURNER, SATCHELL, McIRVINE *and R.N.V.R. personnel.*

LAST Friday night was Wrens' night at the Whitehall Theatre, when the ship's company of a W.R.N.S. Training Depôt assisted by male members of the Admiralty Players produced a "pot-pourri of song, dance, and original sketches," the proceeds for the W.R.N.S. Welfare and Amenities Fund. The show had its try-out last week in the library of a Wren depôt and was then shown to the public for one night at the Whitehall. Costumes and scenery were all designed by the Wrens, and the A.R.S. band, under the direction of Sgt. Berlin, played selections.

FILM OF THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE: "TAWNY PIPIT."



Great news! The Association of British Ornithologists learn that rare Tawny Pipits are nesting on an English common, an occurrence which has happened only once before in British bird history.

Guarding the nest of the Tawny Pipits: A corporal of the convoy of tanks—diverted to spare the nest; Hazel (ROSAMUND JOHN) *and Jimmy Bancroft, the young airman* (NIALL MacGINNIS).

Two young village vandals, Alec (BILLY BRIDGET) *and Erny* (JACKIE CHRISTIE), *are caught on their way to rob the nest and kindly but firmly taken to task by Jimmy and Hazel.*

Colonel Barton-Barrington (BERNARD MILES), *the Rev. Kingsley* (CHRISTOPHER STEELE) *and Hazel go into a huddle to lay plans for the protection of the nest of the rare Tawny Pipits.*

Crasker (WYLIE WATSON), *the would-be thief, is caught by a couple of Tank Corps boys and hauled off for questioning before he can rifle the nest.*

THE drama of "TAWNY PIPIT," Two Cities film (Leicester Square Theatre, May 19), centres round a birds' nest! Every ornithologist is agog over the news that rare Tawny Pipits are nesting on a common. The diverse village authorities mobilise as one to ensure protection. The nest is guarded, tanks are diverted to save it, a serious attempt to snatch the eggs is foiled. Hazel and Jimmy's romance provides love interest. Jean Gillie, pictured on another page after her wedding to Lieut. Bernhard, appears in the film.

Pickering (JOHN SALEW) *has disguised himself as a parson for nefarious reasons. He is dramatically unmasked by the policeman, before the eyes of Colonel Barton-Barrington and others.*

SHIRLEY TEMPLE IS GROWING UP.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, *world-famous child star of the films, has just had her sixteenth birthday celebrated with a party and a cake in a Hollywood studio, and is almost grown-up. There's an air of confident and poised young womanhood about her latest photographs. She's recently taken up badminton, both for the fun of the game and with a view to preserving that slim silhouette. She's now hard at work on her new picture, "Since You Went Away," which is in production at Hollywood. Her spring suit is of pastel-blue flannel, with her initials in a mulberry-coloured insertion on the right shoulder. The Peke's name is Pooch.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE scene of Mrs. Weston's novel is Amritpore, a small civil station in India, and the action of the story covers the years between 1889 and the first World War. The subject—but "Indigo" has several subjects, and it is not easy to say which looms largest, after India itself. There is the friendship between the three boys—Jacques St. Remy, the Frenchman, whose mother owns the indigo plantation; John Macbeth, the son of a British Army officer; and Hardyal, whose father is a much respected Hindu lawyer. Together they represent three aspects of Indian life, the commercial, the military, and the indigenous; and the movement and destiny of India are never absent from the author's thoughts. But a novel must have a central figure, and though in "Indigo" the emphasis is distributed more evenly than is usual between the principal characters, it is to Jacques that our imagination instinctively turns, for his problems are more personal and he is more profoundly influenced by other people than the rest.

Rivals. Most profoundly, perhaps, by two women—his mother and Mrs. Lyttleton. The pious Madame St. Remy hated and feared Mrs. Lyttleton, that wealthy widow among whose lovers Madame's late husband had been numbered; and Mrs. Lyttleton despised Madame St. Remy and deplored the enervating influence her possessiveness had on Jacques, taking the stamina out of him, making him a mollycoddle. The rivalry of the two women meant bitter suffering for the one, malicious amusement for the other—although Mrs. Lyttleton's affection for Jacques was perfectly genuine. She had an ally in the Macbeths. They too believed that life should be based not on security, but on courage; and acting on this theory they took the trembling youth on a leopard hunt, in the course of which his gun went off, depriving him for ever of the use of his left hand. My sympathies were almost entirely with Madame St. Remy in this affair; surely, if Jacques had to be toughened, it might have been done a better way. Fate had plenty of blows in store for him, including the discovery that his mother's estate had been pledged to a money-lender.

Where the author's sympathies lie is not very easy to discover. She is, as near as may be, impartial, and inclines, with reservations, to see individuals as the sport of powers beyond their control. In India then, as now, most people seemed to have a Cause, usually a political cause, to which their best energies were given. The Macbeths sought to maintain British rule, Abdul Salim, the Mohammedan agitator, to break it; Ganpat Rai to find a way of co-operation. Hardyal too was for co-operation, until his mind was poisoned by reading a letter not meant for him. On the other hand, Father Sebastien stood for the Church; and for Jacques, his mother and Mrs. Lyttleton personal preoccupations loomed larger than political loyalties.

No Respite from Destiny. "Indigo" is an extremely serious novel, written with power, dignity and restraint. The characters have no respite from Destiny: they meet it at every turn; and violence, the mob violence that killed Jacques' charming servant and nearly killed Hardyal, is always round the corner. There is no refuge in fantasy or humour—though Mrs. Weston has humour—for the pressure of life is too severe; and at the back of all is the menacing symbol of the indigo trade, gradually failing and heading for bankruptcy. "Courage to endure" is the motto Mrs. Weston seems to offer us: a grave motto for a grave book, in which the forces that separate human beings seem more powerful, and more instinctive, than those that would unite them. Mrs. Weston faces this with a magnificent sincerity and without losing faith in human nature; but we feel we are in a hospital where every patient is on the danger list, and the only real issue is between life and death. "Indigo" is not always easy to read, because the author, in the interest of condensation, tends to omit connecting thoughts, so that one's mind has to jump from one sentence to the next—an athletic exercise that is, however, in keeping with the characters, whose souls are stripped for action.

Dr. Berta Geissmar. Dr. Berta Geissmar was for many years organising secretary to William Furtwängler and manager to the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. A native of Mannheim, at the age of eighteen she began to study philosophy at the University of Heidelberg, eventually obtaining a doctorate for her thesis on "Art and Science as Concepts of the Universe." She inherited from her father both her interest in philosophy and her love of music, but with her friendship for Furtwängler music became paramount, and has remained so. She owes a great deal to music, and both in Germany and England she has more than repaid the debt.

A Stronghold of Liberty. In outline, "The Bâton and the Jackboot" is the story of how, from being Furtwängler's right hand and the moving spirit of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, she came to occupy the same positions for Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra; the reason for this change, as for so many other changes, being the rise of the Nazi movement in Germany. The gradual encroachment of the Nazis on the domain of "free music" and those who upheld it is the principal subject of her book.

Music was one of the last strongholds of liberty that the Nazis dared to attack. In Germany, as in Austria, music was almost sacrosanct. The deepest feelings of all classes of society were bound up with it; it was a form of national prestige, and the Berlin Philharmonic, with fifty years of tradition behind it, wielded a power which for us is not very easy to realise. Accordingly, the Nazis were cautious how they interfered with it and with its personnel. Many of these, like Dr. Geissmar herself, were of Jewish descent, and never perhaps were they handled with the brutality that was meted out to those "enemies" of the régime who could not shelter behind the impalpable shield of music. Indeed, if the whole subject were not so terrible there would be a good deal of amusement to be derived from the frantic efforts of Hitler, Göring and the rest to bring the Orchestra to heel without first stamping on it. For a time Dr. Geissmar enjoyed exceptional consideration; but gradually things were made more difficult, and she lived for a year in seclusion in Bavaria awaiting the return of her passport.

How she escaped from Germany and later returned, under the auspices of Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, to be sought out and fêted by the very people who before had persecuted or cold-shouldered her, makes a fascinating story, with plenty of appeal to the ironic spirit. As Sir Thomas' secretary, Dr. Geissmar has many amusing anecdotes to tell of this autocrat of the arts, who would not give an inch to the autocrats of politics, whatever their blandishments or their blusterings. Neither persecution in Germany nor the "blitz" in London could daunt Dr. Geissmar's brave and resilient spirit; and in her stand against tyranny we can see not only her own stout-heartedness, but the resistance art has always shown to dictatorship everywhere.

Crime at Oxford. Whatever may be the claims of the rival Universities in other respects, it cannot be denied that Oxford has provided the setting for more than one outstanding detective story. But whereas "Gaudy Night" was concerned with a variety of unusual crimes, "The Case of the Gilded Fly" deals with straightforward murders. The murders themselves are the least complex, and perhaps the least interesting, episodes in the book, and it is easy to understand the preoccupation of the characters with their own affairs and their desire to let the dead past bury its dead.

The two worlds of the University and the Repertory Theatre touch, separate and rejoin, presenting fresh contacts and reactions with a vividness which needs no help from the plot to make them absorbing. To his paramount gift of making people interesting, Mr. Crispin adds a literary style that is distinguished, if slightly academic; he is no friend to the ideals of simplified language now in vogue. But any reader who feels that an author's erudition is a compliment to his own, instead of a criticism, will get added enjoyment from this remarkably good first novel.

Psychological Clues. I opened "Clues to Christabel" with a good deal of expectation and closed it in some disappointment. "Death on Heron's Mere" and "Requiem for Robert" were unusual detective stories that lingered in the memory. "Clues to Christabel" is unusual too: orthodox detection plays but little part in the unravelling of the mystery of how Christabel Strange, the best-selling authoress, died. The clues are for the most part psychological and to be found in the characters of the two groups—the sharply differentiated groups of relations and friends—who had access to the dying woman's bedside. Unfortunately, none of these people is, to me at any rate, completely real. They are presented with much imaginative realism, but they do not come alive. While the mystery is deepening the story holds our interest and even grips us; but as soon as light begins to break in it is seen to be the light of the footlights, not the light of day.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Indigo. By Christine Weston. (*Collins*; 10s. 6d.)
The Bâton and the Jackboot. By Berta Geissmar. (*Hamish Hamilton*; 15s.)
The Case of the Gilded Fly. By Edmund Crispin. (*Gollancz*; 7s. 6d.)
Clues to Christabel. By Mary Fitt. (*Michael Joseph*; 9s. 6d.)

THE LONDON GALLERIES.

Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, *Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1.*

Paintings by Robert Bevan; drawings by Keith Vaughan. *Lefevre Gallery, new address, 131-4, New Bond Street, W.1.* Till May 29.

Modern paintings, including J. D. Innes, Derwent Lees, Matthew Smith, etc. *Leger Gallery, 13, Old Bond Street.* Till end of May.

Paintings by Official War Artists. Canadian War Paintings. *National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.*

Paintings by Gertler, Eve Kirk, Bissill and Ryan. Drawings by Whistler and Gaudier-Brzeska. *Redfern Gallery, 20, Cork Street, W.1.* Ends May 27.

Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours Annual Exhibition, *26, Conduit Street, W.1.* Ends May 31.

Pin-up Girl:
No. 4. Pat Kirkwood.

PAT KIRKWOOD *has her first film-starring part in "Flight From Folly," Warner Brothers' escapist comedy with music, in production at Teddington. Born in 1921, she began her career in pigtails as an amateur turn recruited from the audience at a seaside show. She was seen by a B.B.C. official and roped in for the Children's Hour. Broadcasts, concert-party seasons, and panto. occupied her time between fourteen and eighteen; and she got her first big stage break in "Black Velvet." Last Christmas she was principal boy in "Humpty Dumpty" at the London Coliseum.*

LIMA IN THE 18TH CENTURY: "THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY."

The Perichole, Michaela (LYNN BARI), *is exasperated by the criticisms of Uncle Pio* (AKIM TAMIROFF), *though she knows them to be justified.*

Manuel (FRANCIS LEDERER), *the dashing sailor, is in love with Michaela. He forces his way into the palace of her protector, the Viceroy* (LOUIS CALHORN), *and threatens him.*

The Marquesa (NAZIMOVA), *richest and most powerful woman in Peru, dictates a sinister letter to her daughter in Madrid. Esteban* (FRANCIS LEDERER) *is the scribe, and Pepita* (JOAN LORRING) *hears the contents.*

The twin brothers, Esteban (right) and Manuel, are strikingly different characters, as one is a gloomy clerk and the other a gay sea-dog. FRANCIS LEDERER *doubles the parts.*

The Viceroy allows Michaela much latitude, but she has overstepped the mark by publicly insulting the Marquesa at a Viceregal party, and has been ordered to apologise equally publicly.

"THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY," Thornton Wilder's best-seller novel, is due to begin its run as a film at the London Pavilion on May 26, after a gala charity première on the preceding day. The Bridge of San Luis Rey, in Lima, Peru, collapsed some 200 years ago, and five people were killed, while three others miraculously escaped. Brother Juniper, earnest young priest, examined their histories to see if he could assign reasons for their different fates. The lives of victims and survivors were strangely entangled, and though Juniper's investigations reveal no reason for any individual's death or survival, they provide good drama.

Uncle Pio, Michaela, and Manuel escape death by a very narrow margin when the bridge collapses. They are gazing, with horrified eyes, down the abyss.

TEARS, LAUGHTER, LONDON PRIDE: "THIS HAPPY BREED" FILMED.

". . . because of these people England goes on"; Mr. Gibbons (ROBERT NEWTON) *helps his wife, Mrs. Gibbons* (CELIA JOHNSON), *with the washing-up.*

"THIS HAPPY BREED," Noel Coward's successful play, comes to the Gaumont, Haymarket, and the Marble Arch, in its Two Cities film form on May 28; and a gala performance in aid of the Actors' Orphanage, of which Mr. Coward is president, is fixed for June 1. "This Happy Breed" presents the story of an ordinary English family, the Gibbonses, who live in a little house in Clapham, "with tears, with laughter and with London pride." Noel Coward describes them as "the people who go on with England, and because of these people England goes on."

Wedding day nerves; Mr. Gibbons calms Grandma (AMY VENESS) *and Mrs. Gibbons soothes Aunt Syl* (ALISON LEGGATT). *Bob Mitchell* (STANLEY HOLLOWAY), *Vi* (EILEEN ERSKINE) *and Sam* (GUY VERNEY) *are on the left.*

Billy Mitchell, the boy next door (JOHN MILLS), *tries to comfort Mrs. Gibbons when she hears that Queenie, her lively daughter, has eloped with a married man. Billy is in love with the girl.*

Queenie (KAY WALSH), *the pretty, flighty daughter of the house, has words with her mother, Mrs. Gibbons, on the subject of the bridesmaid's hat. Mr. Gibbons preserves judicial silence.*

Sam is deeply in love with Vi Gibbons, the home-loving daughter of a typical English family living in Clapham.

Private party under the stairs: Frank Gibbons and his old friend Bob Mitchell continue their celebrations after coming home from a regimental dinner.

"CUPID AND MY CAMPASPE."*

By CAMILLA BURFIELD.

LIVING by one's wits, Villiers reflected as he strolled down Piccadilly, was certainly more colourful and exciting than the secure, humdrum existence of a clerk or Civil Servant such as he himself had once led for eighteen weary months with Messrs. Bullis and Debare, stockbrokers.

An eminent firm. The senior partner had been, *inter alia*, an Under-Secretary; but Villiers (Williams, as he then was) had found that impressive fact in no way mitigated the boredom of existence for the junior clerks; had felt, strongly, that his good looks and his talents, considerable if somewhat misdirected, were worthy of a higher, or at any rate a wider, field. So, helping himself at a reasonably safe opportunity to some of the firm's money, he had, like the Boojum, "silently faded away"—to emerge after a few discreet months as (apparently) a leisured, moneyed young man about town.

He had never regretted it. Yet, admittedly, there were disadvantages, too, in this interesting career. What one might call insecurity of tenure. Ups and downs. And the present was undoubtedly one of the downs. The supply of young mugs who liked cards, and ageing females who liked dancing, neither possessing any skill whatever at their respective pastimes, seemed unaccountably to have dried up. And money he just must have.

Money, however, in an ill-regulated world, does not fall from heaven; but rain does, and was, suddenly and in some abundance. Cursing the weather, he hailed a crawling taxi, got in—and stopped cursing.

On the seat lay a woman's handbag—and an expensive one at that. A gift from the gods. Keeping well out of sight of the driving mirror, he investigated the contents rapidly. A gold cigarette-case, a five-pound note, four one-pound notes, some loose change, a latchkey, two letters without envelopes, and the usual feminine clutter. He pocketed three one-pound notes and some of the change, hesitated a moment over the cigarette-case, regretfully replaced it together with the rest of the money—that sort of woman in his experience never knew how much she had with her, but fivers are all too easily traceable—and the clutter, pushed the bag down behind the seat for someone else to find; and read the letters.

With ever-growing wonder and thanksgiving. Each was headed with a day of the week, but no date or address. Each began "My own darling little Campaspe," and each was signed "Your loving Hector"; and what they said in between was certainly no affair of Trevor Villiers. Except that—he knew the handwriting.

During his sojourn in the City he had seen little of the senior partner in person, but a good deal of his handwriting. Enough to be sure of that. And gentlemen like Sir Hector Bullis, who have recently crowned a distinguished financial and political career by entering the Cabinet, do not—or should not, in the eyes of the Great British Public—write affectionate letters to ladies called Campaspe, a name which, in Villiers' opinion, fairly reeked of the chorus.

Least of all, if . . . Ten minutes later he was seated in a quiet corner of his club, studying the career of Sir Hector Bullis in "Who's Who." Ah, as he thought!: "m. 1924 Hon. Maud Edith, y. d. of Lord Wycombe; one s., two d." Which did not sound at all like "Campaspe." The fool—the amorous, doddering old fool, Villiers thought with all the contempt of twenty-five for erotic indiscretions of forty-eight. But who was he to complain? He went into conference with himself and a double whisky and laid very careful plans.

As a result of which he found himself some days later confronting the Minister, a tall, well-preserved man, who showed few signs of his years and none whatever of recognising in this elegant and self-assured young man the obscure junior clerk who had absconded five years previously; and who now, after the usual insincere apologies for taking up the great man's time, plunged straight into business.

"I believe in frankness, Sir Hector."

"An admirable quality," the other assented gravely.

"I have here a letter"—he produced it—"written by you to a lady—er—called Campaspe——"

Sir Hector raised his eyebrows slightly. "Indeed? And may one ask how you obtained it?"

Villiers knew an instant's uneasiness. Surely the natural reaction was to deny authorship? But he bluffed bravely on:

"Does that matter, Sir Hector? The point is, I have obtained it. And another like it. You admit it is your writing?"

"I can neither admit it nor deny it, Mr.—ah—Villiers, until I have studied the letter more closely," and held out his hand.

Villiers laughed, more at his ease. "Really, Sir Hector! These letters have a certain value—while they are in my possession."

"I see." He withdrew his hand, used it to stroke his chin reflectively. "Are you trying to blackmail me by any chance?", and seemed slightly amused by the idea.

"That's an unpleasant word——"

"But you said you believed in frankness."

"In frankness, yes. Not in exaggeration. It is just a business proposition."

"A rose by any other name . . . Well, let's hear your—ah—business proposition."

"Certainly. I need not remind you that such letters, if made public, would mean the end of your political career."

"Why?"

Dammit, the man was a fool! "Come, come, Sir Hector! You know as well as I do that in England the politician must be like Cæsar's wife——"

"Very rightly so."

"Possibly. You and I, as men of the world, know that such—er—liaisons exist. But we know, too, that they must be kept very, very quiet."

"You mean, I suppose, that while the country may applaud the affection of a public man for his wife, however foolishly expressed, it will instantly condemn any—ah—extra-matrimonial devotion, however sincere."

"Precisely, Sir Hector."

"So you suggest—as a business proposition—my purchasing these letters in order to prevent them falling into the hands of my political opponents?"

"Precisely, and—no, I shouldn't ring that bell. You see, the other letter is in a safe place, and in the event of anything happening to me, will be immediately forwarded to people who would make very good use of it."

"You seem to have laid your plans well."

"I think they are flawless, Sir Hector. And my price is £1000 per letter."

"A very modest figure. Really, I am inclined to value my use to the country at more than £2000. But the argument is purely academic, because"—his voice hardened—"because, Mr. *Williams*, there *is* a flaw in your plans. A rather serious flaw."

Villiers-Williams, taken aback for a moment, quickly recovered himself. "Because you've recognised me as the clerk you dismissed so unjustly——"

"As the cheap little crook whom it was not worth our while to prosecute. I might change my mind about that."

"You might," sneered the younger man, "except for one thing. It would mean instant publication of the letters."

"And the end of my career? I think not, Mr. Williams. You see, the really serious flaw in your plans is this. I wrote those letters all right—but I wrote them to my wife."

"To your *wife*?" He really was taken aback this time. "B-but your wife's name's not Campaspe."

"No. Her names are Maud Edith: a choice which, to my mind, casts the gravest doubts on the good taste, if not on the sanity, of her parents. So I rechristened her."

"Rechristened her?" echoed Villiers dully.

"Rechristened her. As many another affectionate husband has done. Perhaps you are not an admirer of the Restoration poets; you may not know that little lyric by John Lyly, 'Cupid and My Campaspe.' A charming trifle. It has been my pet name for Lady Bullis for a number of years, though I fear I can hardly claim any—ah—resemblance to Cupid." He dropped his bantering tones, pressed the bell-push on his desk unhindered. "You contemptible little cur! Either both those letters are returned to me registered by first post to-morrow or I prosecute you for attempted blackmail. And other things. Ah, Jenkins, show Mr. Villiers out. He will not be calling again."

Villiers was shown out, unctuously and contemptuously.

Sir Hector sat for some minutes in silence, a little smile playing round the corners of his mouth. Then he reached for the telephone, dialled a number.

"Hullo, Campaspe, darling. I've got the letters back. . . . Oh, no trouble. Rather amusing. . . . No, not the bag; it may turn up yet. . . . I'll give you another, sweetheart, though you don't deserve it. . . . Why? For being such a careless little Camps. . . . Aren't you, darling? All right. But you really must burn my letters. Supposing Maud should see one——"

He chuckled and turned to other subjects. More intimate subjects. Villiers would have given a lot to hear the conversation. But Villiers was packing—a badly-frightened man who felt that London for the time being did not suit his health. Perhaps rightly. [THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

FREE OF HIS GUILD

The craftsman of the Middle Ages was only made free of his Guild after he had served an arduous apprenticeship and had proved himself a master of his craft.

Unless he cared as much for his work as for his wages he had small chance of admittance.

Things are different to-day, but that fine pride of craftsmanship is still the inspiring and animating force behind the making of The Chatwood Safe and Strong Room.

The Chatwood Safe has stood the greatest of all tests—the test of time. Its reputation has been made by the burglar and the protection it has afforded to the vital records of business firms when fire has destroyed everything else.

J. E. S.

THE CHATWOOD SECURITY

THE CHATWOOD SAFE CO., LTD.
Bankers' Engineers
Head Office: SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND
Telegrams: Chatwood, Shrewsbury · Telephone. Shrewsbury 4001
LONDON · MANCHESTER
GLASGOW · BOMBAY

You can trust me, Madam

says OLD HETHERS

"Now that my barley water in the bottle is unobtainable my advice is, make it yourself from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. If you can't get hold of a lemon or an orange, flavour with the juice of stewed or tinned fruit, or jam."

Barley Water from

ROBINSON'S
'Patent' BARLEY

Presented with pride

Obtainable throughout the country at the best shops only.

TOPS AND TOES

Above : The glengarry, gay and very becoming, designed by Erik in bold check Viyella. *Below :* Real summer sandals of red or tan leather (possibly some other colours, too) with hinged wooden sole and heel strap of elastic. Clark's of Somerset. In the shops next month.

Above : The trilby, smart with its rolled brim, made of panama and trimmed with black or brown leather. Jay's. *Below :* Court shoe of black suède trimmed with patent. A Vani-tred design. Write 17-18, Old Bond Street, for your nearest stockist.

Above : The black straw, a mist of white veiling covering the crown and trailing becomingly behind. Margaret Marks. *Below :* Tab court shoes of black, brown or wine suède, trimmed with calf. An Arch Preserver Shoe. Write 17-18, Old Bond Street, W.1, for stockist.

Above : The white straw, sailor fashion, trimmed with green ribbon, green veiling and white camellias. Margaret Marks. *Below :* The Dolcis Dutch boy court. In black, tan or navy calf with side gusset and decorative side flap.

Above : The flower hat, gloriously coloured silk flowers entirely covering the crown. Jay's. *Below :* The Dolcis Chiquita. Square toe, wedge heel suède with calf trimming. In black, brown, wine and navy.

Above : The summer felt, very light on the head, its crown a close nest of feathers. Marshall and Snelgrove. *Below :* Tie shoes of suède trimmed with calf. In black, brown, blue or wine. A Styl-eez Shoe. Write 17-18, Old Bond Street for retailer.

QUALITY
Lingerie

Nightdress in good quality artificial silk-satin, simple and becoming design with round neck, tucks at the waist, full width skirt cut on the straight. In green, peach and vieux-rose.

(6 coupons)

Women's size - **£5.14.6**
Larger size - **£5.17.11**

Catalogue Price 1d.

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE ST.
LONDON, W.1
LANgham 4444 (Debenhams Ltd.)

Anne French regrets that she has been unable to supply many of her clients with her Cleansing Milk. After the war, however, she hopes once again to supply all the demands of the home market. In the mean-time, she is helping the war effort by developing her business abroad where her Cleansing Milk is becoming increasingly popular.

CLEANSING MILK BY
Anne French
OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Whether of man or machine, good reputation is founded upon dependability in service. Certainly in all things mechanical, the safe rule is to buy only the reputable product.

The Ferranti Electric Fire has established itself upon its serviceability over long periods of use. For this reason, owners of Ferranti models, bought 5 to 10 years ago, are still enjoying efficient heating. It is a point worth remembering when electric fires are again available.

FERRANTI
Radiant Electric Fires

FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST

Ferranti Ltd., Moston, Manchester, 10.
London Office: Kern House, Kingsway, W.C.2

FF291

Valstar "777" Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE VALSTAR "777" RAINCOAT—SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED.

J. MANDLEBERG & Co. Ltd.
VALSTAR WORKS
SALFORD 6 · Lancs

RAIL TRANSPORT is "Half the Battle"

9,000 SPECIAL TRAINS are run by the Railways every month O.H.M.S.

BRITISH RAILWAYS
GWR · LMS · LNER · SR
Carry the War Load

H. L. SHORTLAND—Master Shoemaker and designer of the Wearra Shoe.

WORTH WAITING FOR

Slim, medium and broad fittings in each size and half-size.

CCH **Wearra** 32/9

MULTIPLE-FITTING SHOES FOR MEN

OATINE
BEAUTY CREAMS

Oatine Beauty Creams will protect your skin against the rough treatment of wind and sun—but there's one snag—sometimes they are difficult to find. So use them carefully and you'll be surprised how long they last. Above all beware of the unknown substitute — for your complexion's sake!

Oatine Cream 2/8d and 5/3½d
Oatine Vanishing Snow 2/2½d
Oatine Powder Base 2/7d
including Purchase Tax.

OATINE, 357, KENNINGTON LANE, S.E.11

CVS—16

Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality, although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS

Fur Coats
Re-fashioned

As specialists in this branch of furriery for over 30 years we can by clever manipulation and skilful handling re-fashion your old fur coat into an attractive new model at a moderate cost. No coupons—no purchase tax.

Write for New **Fashion Brochure,** enclose 2d. stamp.

We still have many lovely model Fur coats not carrying the full purchase tax.

City Fur Store
110 NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES

20 *for* 2/8

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

T.T.310K

IF YOUR TAILOR CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH

Sportex

YOUR SUIT WILL BE MADE OF

SCOTLAND'S HARDEST WEARING CLOTH

S.9d.